THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XIX.

Our views of right, what trifles can obscure,
How often prejudiced by love and hate,
We magnify the *failings* of the *poor*,
And consecrate the *follies* of the *great*,
Err in our judgment of what's good or ill,
From want of candour more than want of skill.

ANON.

We should be particularly careful not to ...ction the follies of the great, as the in...ence of their example is extensive: and ...e should be equally careful not to depress ...odest merit by ungenerous and illiberal ...mparisons. It is ridiculous to excuse a ...n for misconduct, because he has gener...y acted wisely; and equally so to with...ld the praise due to wisdom when merit...by one whose conduct has been general...strongly marked by folly. It seems dif...ult to discover any fixed principle by ...hich men judge of the merits of each ...er. All are subject to the influence of ...judice, which operates upon the mind ...perceived, and carries away the judg...nt which submits without a struggle.

After the death of a favourite author, ...ry production of his pen however trivi... and frequently those which in his life...e he took great pains to suppress, are ...gged forth (as it were) from the pre...cts of oblivion, and thrust into the teeth ... the public; not unfrequently accompa...d by commendations proportionate to ...ir demerits. This has happened in a ...ht degree, with the POET COWPER; ...ugh he seems to have been sufficiently ...tial to his own productions, some things ...e been published, by his biographer, ...ich doubtless, even parental fondness ...uld have condemned. But there is a ...*thing*, which the *Wiseacre* Editor of a ...ndon paper calls a *humourous letter*, and ...blishes with *a view* (as he says) of shew...ing "the facility of the author's rhyming talents;" that is too great an outrage done to the memory of that poet, and too great an insult offered to the refined taste of the present age, to pass unnoticed. It is not completely childish, it lacks the dignity and vigour of childhood; it perhaps resembles more the unintersting effusions of dotage. And yet we are told, it was written in an auspicious moment, in the prime of life. The publisher must have been strangely misguided, he must have supposed that there was a resistless charm attached to the *Name* of COWPER; or he must have been miserably deficient in the qualifications requisite for an *Editor*, else, never, had he consented to do such violence to the fame of that great and good man.

There is one class of men who are prompted by interest to injure the reputation of departed genius. It is sufficient for these, if they make a profit, no matter at whose expense. Among them, I shall place the publisher of a *small volume* of BURNS's letters, as also the publisher of a *cheap edition* of his letters and poems; who, (to their eternal disgrace be it spoken) have raked up every thing that was suppressed by the friends of the author, at the publication of the earlier editions, and many things, which if the judgment of the author, or his friends, had not suppressed, common decency ought to have influenced a man who was publishing on his own account, to have withheld from the public.

Thus to profane the rights of a dead author, whose name has become popular by the effusions of genius which he left behind him; thus to take advantage of his popularity, and for the sake of a paltry consideration, to discriminate by its aid, sentiments and language so pernicious to the welfare of society, and so blasting to the reputation of that author, is conduct that merits the detestation of all good men.

P.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A CONTEMPLATION.

Now Summer reigns, and from her ample stores,
In gay profusion all her gifts she pours:
She clothes with living green the mountain's side,
Where, down, the murm'ring riv'lets gently glide
Or where, when swell'd by Autumn's copious showers,
With hurrying rage, the headlong torrent roars:
But chiefly with inimitable grace,
Amidst the fertile vales her hand we trace.
What pleasing forms the enraptur'd eye surveys,
As o'er the flow'ry scenes the fancy strays!
Bear me, oh muse, to distant verdant plains,
Where with unbounded power, great nature reigns!
Where Mississippi rolls his ample tide,
Through many a clime unknown, and region wide.
Hail, sire of floods! as I, in thought, explore,
Thy wat'ry waste immense, and outspread shore:
The unnumber'd tributary streams which roll,
From distant lands, to swell the mighty whole:
The lofty forests, which majestic spread,
Their branching arms; the wide extended mead,
Where Nature sports in endless charms array'd,
Planting her glories 'midst surrounding shade.
'Tis in the wilderness, whose verd'rous wings,
A pleasing awe o'er all creation flings;
That nature's various, wond'rous works combine,
To prove her great original, Divine.

Wrapt in surprize, as my fond muse essays,
With vent'rous step to tread the unknown maze;
Regions of solitude! where scarce is found,
The human face divine! but, wide around,
Sits hov'ring, silence, cloth'd in glooms profound!
Save when the loud impetuous whirlwind roars;
Or, o'er the groves the wat'ry deluge pours;
Or torrents lash the long resounding shores:
Save when the feather'd choir wild notes awake;
Or wanton breezes the thick branches shake.

When I, in thought, these unknown scenes survey,
Methinks, perhaps, in some far distant day,
Thy favour'd sons shall see great cities rise
On these lone shores; their wondering eyes
Shall see unnumber'd ships their sails expand,
To bear thy wealth to many a foreign land.
Thy fields with cultivation crown'd will be,
And thickly strew'd a smiling progeny:
Flourish shall arts, and, science shall display,
Her various powers, in truth's celestial ray.

But hold! no more pursue the distant flight;
Nor 'midst wilds unexplor'd, fatigue thy sight.

Hark! what ethereal sounds from distant skies,
In murmers, pleasing, o'er the landscape flies:
Loud, and more loud, the swelling sounds arise.
On fancy's wings, from western regions borne,
To thy lost seat, my wandering muse, return!
And, 'midst surrounding shades, again retire,
Waking to strains of joy the duteous lyre:
His praise declare; who every good bestows,
That source divine, whence peace and pleasure flows!
As thro' the wilderness of life I've stray'd,
Whether 'midst crouds, or in the silent shade;
Thy bounteous hand in flow'ry paths hath led,
And numerous blessings hath around me shed:
Hence, may I learn with gratitude to glow;
Hence may the streams of praise perpetual flow;
'Till glowing fancy lights her inmost fire,
And bids my soul to heavenly themes aspire.

S. S.

Philad. 7th mo. 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE GLEANER: NO. III.

"Of all the pensive cares of life, none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than those of a delicate and virtuous love."

LOUNGER.

If ever we may be allowed to say that marriages are celestial, it must be when the union is formed upon a disinterested affection; a love that cannot be described, even by those who have felt it. It is beyond description. The flame, most probably, is kindled and often cherished by a superior power. It not a pretty face, or an elegant person; it is not a brilliant wit or a fine understanding, that can excite or preserve this "energetic glow." It springs from a higher source. It has been known to exist in its utmost ardour where these accomplishments have been wanting. There is a nameless sympathy of congenial souls felt even among those of the same sex, which cannot be described; but which lisping mortals have denominated *friendship*. When this nameless sympathy meets in congenial souls of different sexes, it is amazingly heightened. Friendship cannot express the sensation, and we have learned to call it by the name of *love*. A name, indeed, sadly profaned by the lips of the sensualist, the covetous, and the ambitious; but felt and understood in its true meaning and import by those alone, who seek for happiness in the sweet tranquillity of domestic retirement.

Such a union is indeed, devoutly to be wished for, and when once accomplished, the pleasures of life are enjoyed with a double relish, because each besides his own, partakes of a beloved partner's sensations. Misfortunes too—(and who ever tasted the cup of life, without finding some bitterness in the draught!) misfortunes too loose half their weight, by being divided; and as each assists the other to bear the load, so each comforts the other whilst labouring under it. Time, the general destroyer of temporal objects and human joys, perpetuates and increases such a felicity as this, which depends not so much upon external circumstances, as upon the internal feelings of their own breasts.

Failings, no doubt, each must discover in the other as long as the "angel" is clogged with the fetters of mortality. But even in those, they so much resemble one another, that they soon learn, either to overlook them, or to bear them with a meekness which true love never fails to inspire.

This sweetness of disposition, mutual forbearance, and uninterrupted intercourse of endearing sensibilities, must not only secure to them all the bliss which this world has to give, but must be an excellent preparative for their future enjoyment of those eternal scenes, where love reigns without the least alloy of any sordid passion; and where they, probably, will carry with them the same affections doubly purified.

Who then can presume to contemn this "potent, soft passion of the human breast." No one, I imagine, that has not become an obdurate outcast of virtuous society.

Q

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO GREEN-SPECTACLES.

Green Spectacles! how few your value prize!
How few can testify the good you've done!
To soften rays that fall upon the eyes;
And dim the lustre of that spark, the sun,

Is but an inconsiderable part,
Of what, by timely use you can perform;
You can preserve in purity the heart,
And shield the passions from external harm.

Tho' little known, and negative your power,
I hope to see you yet in general use;
I forward look to that auspicious hour,
When not a youth will ever be let loose,

Without you plac'd in state across his nose,
To lessen the effect, when in the street,
Of objects, all are liable to meet,
To the annoyance of the mind's repose.

Since in this mighty innovating age,
To go half naked, or a little more,
Among some topping damsels is the rage,
Let modest youths ne'er venture out of doors;

Before the shades of evening, kindly veil,
Objects, as odious, as the demon Vice!
(Sure those whose vision hateful things assail,
Can *never wish* to see *such objects* twice,)
Unless indeed green-glasses are put on,
These, *'tis a fact*, will cast a kind of shade,
Over the poor miscalculating maid;
And screen the visual organs from the sun:

And from the fair ones *eyes*, that boldly glare,
Threat'ning to take *life's citadel* by storm,
Which stands the shock *repulsive*, without harm,
When, *milder* lustre, nobly triumphs *there*.

How few, with patience listen to advice,
How few the value of green-glasses prize;
But those who try them once will use them twice:
Preservers of the morals, and the eyes!

OPTICIAN.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

Through the kindness of a friend, I have been favored with an essay on Female Education, written by a gentleman of respectability formerly of St. Domingo, and addressed to a society in Baltimore, for the promotion of useful knowledge. I have made from it the following extracts, which may perhaps be deemed worthy of a place in your useful paper, and you are left at liberty to insert them.

M.

July 8th, 1806.

"What fills the impartial observer with astonishment is, the great inequality in point of education, existing here between the two sexes.

"I cannot bestow too much praise on the mode of public education that has been adopted and pursued in the excellent colleges of this country. They are the nurseries of those distinguished characters, with which America, so justly boasts. They serve to develope the talents of those men that have shed so much lustre on the pulpit and the bar; that have shone so conspicuously in the department of medicine, and have given so much dignity to the national representation; of those orators and statesmen whose fame has been sounded in the remotest parts of the civilized world.

"I conceive that a free government, in which ability and integrity are the only titles to the magistracy, in which the incitement is not a contemptible desire of conciliating the favour of a master, and flattering the passions of a tyrant, but a laudable ambition of acquiring honorable fame, by promoting the happiness and prosperity of the nation, I conceive that such a government is calculated to awaken emulation, to draw forth talents from obscurity, and to enlarge the circle of liberal ideas.

"As every people have in their national character some distinguishing mark, the Americans sprung principally from a race of lovers of virtue, accustomed to think pro-

foundly, and who have always displayed so much public spirit, must preserve in their leading features, those original traits of their ancestors.

"But whatever may be the influence of the government, or how far soever nature may be concerned, I believe that the mode of education pursued in the colleges of this country, contributes more than any thing else to that superiority of reason and intelligence, which I have observed in the Americans.

"With mingled surprize I have remarked youths of eighteen or twenty, surpass in knowledge and judgment, the greater part of my countrymen, at an age far more advanced. I believe that nature implants in all men a germ of genius, more or less fruitful, which the general rays of education expand and ripen. If then, the French are not, in general, equal to the Americans in politics and legislation, it seems to me it must be imputed principally to a defective mode of education, to a government that presents no object to excite emulation, unless it be military glory. In fine, from a national volarility derived from nature, from climate, and from a high degree of civilization and corruption.

"But whilst I candidly acknowledge that the American system of education is in general superior to the French, I must with the same sincerity assert the superiority of French female education, over that adopted for females in this country. There are doubtless some honorable exceptions, and if a regard for their modesty did not lead me to suppress their names, I could cite more than one American lady, who would not yield the palm in talents to the most accomplished of the French ladies; but a few exceptions cannot destroy the force of a general rule, more than a few parts of a thing constitute the whole.

"A peculiar circumstance has afforded me an opportunity of remarking the numerous defects in the education of young persons, and has led me to reflect upon the means of remedying them.

"My remarks on this subject are the tribute I now offer to you; and however trifling it may be, I hope, gentlemen, you will receive it kindly, since the offering is not to be estimated by its value, but by the intention with which it is offered.

"The state of Maryland is reckoned one of those in which public education is best conducted. If so, it can indeed have made very little progress in the other states. My remarks here are relative only to such institutions as are formed for the instruction of females.

"I consider these establishments as shops, calculated to enrich the keeper of them, but to beggar those that are imprudent or unfortunate enough to give them their custom. It seems as if it were a mere object of speculation. No inconvenience can result from the existence of some supernumerary merchants in a city. They may be attracted thither by the resources which commerce may afford them; but it is quite otherwise with these keepers of academies, for the multiplicity of these shops of education is an infallible proof of their badness.

"Let us examine the manner in which they are constituted and conducted.

"A person compelled by some derangement of his affairs, or even sometimes by misconduct, or by want of talents, to leave a city where his credit is ruined, goes to establish himself in another, where he is a perfect stranger. Provided with some slender recommendation obtained through favour or complaisance, or perhaps without any at all, he offers his services in the public papers for the instruction of youth, and promises to surpass all others. The novelty of the establishment, together with the discontent of parents, at observing the little progress made by their children in the already existing institutions, and the hope of meeting with better favour in the new establishment; and very often nothing is gained by the change. I think, Gentlemen, this practice is very abusive, and it is time to prevent the consequences that must result from it.

"It is the province of parents to superintend the private education of their children, and their tenderness for them is the guarantee that they will pursue proper measures for securing their future well-being; it must also be acknowledged that public education is the peculiar care of a community. It is important to society that children belonging to a sex which is its ornament, and which has so great an influence on it; that girls, destined one day to be wives and mothers, should be educated in such a manner as will qualify them to discharge the important and sacred duties attached to their condition. Thus, as soon as so precious a trust has passed into other hands, it is natural to watch over its preservation, lest it should receive any stain. It is the interest as well as the duty of the public so to do.

"I would then prevent all persons from opening academies, until they had received permission from legal authorities. The possessing mere recommendations should not suffice; he who would charge himself with so much respesibility, should be properly qualified; his reputation should be free from all blemish, and he should possess the virtues and the talents necessary for the complete discharge of the difficult task he would impose upon himself.

"The qualities requisite for such an undertaking are, a perfect acquaintance with the female heart, the art of making their inclinations fall in with their duties, of discovering their virtues and their vices, and with all, a goodness of disposition free from severity and weakness, and a judicious skill in distributing praise and blame, rewards and punishments."

(To be continued.)

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

I had this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me, of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very considerable figure in the learned and christian world. It is entitled, "A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God," drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity, by the Archbishop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and translated from the French by the same hand that Englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested an heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety to his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world; and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite art subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty.

[*Guardian.*

Supplication of the Archbishop of Cambray.

O my God! if the greater number of mankind do not discover Thee in that glorious show of nature which thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because Thou art far from every one of us: Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands; but our senses, and the passions which they produce in us, turn our attention from Thee! Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display thyself! Thou shinest in all thy works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking man! The whole creation talks aloud of Thee, and echoes with

the repetitions of thy holy name. But ſuch is our inſenſibility, that we are deaf to the great and univerſal voice of Nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us; but we wander from ourſelves, become ſtrangers to our own ſouls, and do not apprehend thy preſence. O Thou, who art the Eternal Fountain of light and beauty, who art the Ancient of Days; without beginning and without end? O Thou who art the Life of all that truly live; thoſe can never fail to find Thee, who ſeek for Thee within themſelves! But alas! the very gifts which Thou beſtoweſt upon us do ſo employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand which conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking on Thee: but, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of Thee! A dead unactive piece of matter, a flower that withers, a river that glides away, a palace that haſtens to its ruin, a picture made up of fading colours, a maſs of ſhining ore, ſtrike our imaginations, and make us ſenſible of their exiſtence. We regard them as objects capable of giving us pleaſure, not conſidering that Thou conveyeſt through them all the pleaſure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty objects that are only the ſhadows of being, are proportioned to our low and grovelling thoughts. That beauty which Thou haſt poured out on thy creation, is as a veil which hides Thee from our eyes. As Thou art a Being too pure and exalted to paſs through our ſenſes, Thou art not regarded by men who have debaſed their nature and have made themſelves like the beaſts that periſh. So infatuated are they, that, notwithſtanding they know what is wiſdom and virtue, which have neither ſound, nor colour, nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor figure, nor any other ſenſible quality, they can doubt of thy exiſtence, becauſe Thou art not apprehended by the groſſer organs of ſenſe. Wretches that we are? we conſider ſhadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing is all to us, and that which is all appears to us nothing. What do we ſee in all nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only Thou, appeareſt in every thing. When I conſider Thee, O Lord, I am ſwallowed up and loſt in contemplation of Thee. Every thing beſides Thee, even my own exiſtence, vaniſhes and diſappears in the contemplation of thee. I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The man who does not ſee Thee has beheld nothing; he who does not taſte Thee, has a reliſh for nothing. His being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up Thyſelf, O Lord! ſet up Thyſelf, that we may behold Thee. As wax conſumes before the fire, and as the ſmoke is driven away, ſo let thine enemies vaniſh out of thy preſence. How unhappy is that ſoul who, without the ſenſe of Thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to ſupport him! But how happy the man who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after Thee! But he only is fully happy on whom Thou lifteſt up the light of thy countenance, whoſe tears Thou haſt wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving-kindneſs the completion of all his deſires. How long, how long, O Lord, ſhall I wait for that day, when I ſhall poſſeſs, in thy preſence, fullneſs of joy and pleaſures for ever more! O my God, in this pleaſing hope my bones rejoice, and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My heart melts away and my ſoul faints within me, when I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity.

PHILEMON, AN ELEGY.

Where ſhade yon yews, the church-yard's lonely bourn,
With faltering ſtep, abſorb'd in thought profound,
Philemon wends in ſolitude to mourn,
While evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud ſhrieks the blaſt, the ſleety torrent drives,
Wide ſpreads the tempeſt's deſolating power;
To grief alone Philemon reckleſs lives;
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blaſt, nor ſhower.

For this the date that ſtampt his partner's doom,
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath:
"Ah! wilt thou drop one tear on Emma's tomb!"
She cried; and cloſ'd each wiſtful eye in death.

No ſighs he breath'd; for anguiſh riv'd his breaſt;
Her clay-cold hand he graſp'd, no tears he ſhed,
Till fainting nature ſunk, by grief oppreſs'd,
And, ere diſtraction came, all ſenſe was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd, Philemon's woe;
For grief like his, life-woven, never dies;
And ſtill each year's collected ſorrows flow,
As, drooping o'er his Emma's tomb, he ſighs.

J.

THE FLOWER GIRL—*By De Burghe.*

"Pray buy a noſegay of a poor orphan!" ſaid a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was paſſing the corner of hay-market. I turned haſtily and I beheld a girl about fourteen, whoſe drapery, though ragged, was clean, and whoſe form was ſuch as a painter might have choſen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without colouring was white as ſnow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful were intereſting, and ſet off by a tranſparent complexion, her eyes, dark and intelligent were ſhaded by looſe ringlets of raven black, and poured their ſweet ſupplicating beams through the ſilken ſhade of very long laſhes. On one arm hung a baſket full of roſes, and the other was ſtretched out towards me with one of the roſe-buds. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out ſome ſilver, "Take this my pretty girl," ſaid I, "and may that God, who is the father of the fatherleſs be the preſerver of your exiſtence and your virtue!—Virtuous poverty is no crime."

I was turning from her, when ſhe caught my withdrawn hand, and putting it to her lips, burſt into a flood of tears. The action and the look which accompanied it touched my ſoul; it melted to the artleſs gratitude of this flower girl, and a drop of ſympathy fell from my cheeks. "Forgive me ſir," ſaid ſhe, recovering from her tranſport, while a ſweet bluſh diffuſed itſelf over her lovely face—"my heart was full of what it could not expreſs—nature impelled to ſo free an action. You will pardon me when I tell you, they were the firſt kind words I have heard ſince I have loſt all that was dear to me on earth." A ſob interrupted her diſcourſe; ſhe ſtopped, and wept ſilently: then raiſing up her face from the hand on which ſhe had laid it, "O, ſir, I have no father! no mother! no relation! Alas I have no friend in the world!" Choaked with her emotions ſhe was ſilent for a moment before ſhe could proceed. "My only friend is God! on him I rely. I ſubmit to his will. I only pray that he may ſupport with fortitude the miſery I am born to experience! To him, kind ſir, this heart ſhall always pray for you!" added ſhe, dropping a courteſey full of humanity and native grace, as ſhe retired. I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave this poor creature!" ſaid I as I walked penſively on. "Can I leave her forever without emotion? What have I done for her, that can entitle me to her prayers? Preſerved her a few days from death, but that is all! And ſhall I quit thee, fair flower, to ſee thee no more? To be blown down by the rude hand of adverſity! To be cropped by ſome cruel ſpoiler! To drop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early ſorrow? No! thou haſt been nurtered by the ſweet tears of maternal affection; thou haſt once bloomed beneath the cheering ſun of domeſtic content, and under it thou ſhalt bloom again." I turned as I ſpoke; my heart beat with its ſweet purpoſe. I ſaw the beautiful flower girl before me.—I approached,

caught her hand, the words of triumphant virtue burſt from my lips—

"Come, thou lovely, deſerted girl!—Come and add one more to the happy groupe who call me father! Their home ſhall be thine; thou ſhalt ſhare their comforts; thou ſhalt be taught with them that virtue their father tries to practice!" She ſtopped me, her eyes flaſhed with frantic joy; ſhe flung herſelf on her knees before me, and burſt into a flood of rapturous tears. I raiſed her in my arms, I huſhed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of happineſs and piety. She loves my children, ſhe loves their father, and is equally beloved by them all—and the poor orphan of the hay-market is now the partner of my only ſon!

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

It was a ſaying of Seneca, that a good man ſtruggling with misfortunes, is a ſight (as he expreſſes it) worthy the gods to behold: for indeed true greatneſs and magnanimity of ſoul conſiſts in weathering the misfortunes of life like a man, and not meanly withdrawing from them like a coward. For life is chequered with ſuch variety of ills, that it would be folly in any to expect (as well as a misfortune to be exempted from) taſting of the common cup of human adverſities; for even theſe (miſcalled) adverſities, riſe not out of the duſt, but are ordained by the ſame goodneſs that communicated and ſupports being; kindly ordained to warn us from the fixing our happineſs on ſenſe and appetite; kindly commiſſioned to engage us to fix our final hopes of it in that world, where the pleaſures will be ſuited to the capacities, and fully adequate to the deſire of a rational and immortal being. On the other hand, the calm ſunſhine of undiſturbed proſperity would be apt to lull us to ſleep, we ſhould grow ſupine and careleſs, ſatisfied with preſent, and unconcerned for future good; here adverſity ſteps in, like the monitor to king Philip, and bids us remember we are men. This ſalutary hint has Providence ſtamped on every thorn of life, which he that runs may read. Let us then conſider and act like men; let us bear the adverſities of life portioned out to us, with becoming confidence and reſignation; let us, if we cannot avoid them, endeavour to make them conducive to our happineſs and well-being. This is both our intereſt and our duty; this is truly noble, and ſuch a conduct as muſt be approved of by ſuperior beings. On the contrary; how fooliſh and unmanly, in the language of Shakeſpear, by a piſtol or a bodkin, to fly from preſent ills to thoſe they know not of. Such a conduct will appear ſtill more monſtrous by ſtating only the following queries:—Are not many of the misfortunes you complain of the effects of indiſcretion? Are not many of theſe evils at a diſtance? Is it not poſſible they appear greater becauſe at a diſtance, and therefore as objects of fear, heightened by imagination? Is it not probable they may never reach you, or that time or cuſtom may render them bearable? And laſtly, is it not poſſible that thoſe evils you complain of now as intolerable, may end much happier than you imagine, and oblige you to own in the end, "whatever is, is right."

To prevent men therefore from running into ſo ſhocking a practice, and to encourage a becoming reſolution and manly preſence of mind, under every ſituation, I ſhall ſubjoin the relation of a fact, as it was delivered to me by one of the family, lately from Europe.

Camillus was reduced to the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtances, which, though to outward appearance, he bore like a man of ſenſe, yet it was thought by his friends, that it preyed a good deal upon his ſpirits; it was not however long before a lady, who liked him, gave him an opportunity, by marrying her, of living in a more gay and affluent manner than ever. If he was chagrined before at his reduced circumſtances, his gratitude on being delivered from them heightened his paſſion for his wife; in ſhort, he regarded her as the dear friend that had ſnatched him from diſtreſs and want, and accordingly paid her, not the affection only of the huſband, but the compliances of the moſt obliged friend. The undeſigning, artleſs Camillus was no ſooner in theſe agreeable circumſtances again, but his friends revived, for they only died on his adverſity; and they revived indeed only once more to reduce the unhappy Camillus. The deſigning, artful villain Maſkwell, impoſed ſo much on the honeſt-hearted Camillus, that he became his ſurety in a bond for much more than he was worth. The villain thus having raiſed a large ſum, immediately made off. The confuſed report of his being gone abroad, was too ſoon confirmed to the unhappy Camillus, for he was informed by a letter, that as Maſkwell was gone abroad, and the ſecurity of the bond devolving entirely upon him, they muſt be excuſed if they ſhortly called it in. What a blow was this to the generous Camillus! how unpleaſing his proſpects! how ſevere his reflections! what can be ſaid to his wife? how ſhall he comfort her! how ſhall he tell her he has reduced her to as low circumſtances as ſhe had relieved him from; how attempt it, when, aggravating thought! it is effected by his own imprudence. I had forgot to mention he had four children, who now occaſioned as many diſagreeable ſenſations as ever they had pleaſant ones.

Saluted in the morning of life as heirs to a ſplendid fortune, they were the joy of their parents; but the reflection of their being expoſed to the ſtorms of life, without a guide, companions of infamy and want, now diſtracted him; for what could he do for them, who perhaps rotting in a goal, ſubſiſts himſelf upon the common baſket: ſubſiſts on that charity, juſt ſufficient to make misfortune live. Fancy heightened all his projects into horror: the baſeneſs of his friend, the reproach of his acquaintance, the ſuddenneſs of the change aggravate his other circumſtances into terrible ones indeed. He thought it was death to live, and therefore reſolved to ſtruggle no more. His thoughts now were taken up about the inſtrument he ſhould uſe, whether the rope or piſtol; and, as one undetermined, he prepared both, and went up to his room, where, after fixing the rope to his mind, he ſat down and wrote a letter to his wife, which he left on the table with the piſtol: he then went to take a laſt look at his children, who were playing in the yard, when accidentally one of them fell and cut himſelf: the unhappy Camillus immediately felt the bowels of a father: and forgetting every thing but that it was his child, ran down immediately to its relief; the confuſed noiſe he made in running down, together with the child's crying, frightened his wife, who run directly up to her own room, where ſhe expected to find her husband, as he told her he would go up and lay down upon the bed: where, who can deſcribe the anguiſh of her mind, when ſhe found not her husband, but the rope, the piſtol and the letter! Who can deſcribe the pangs ſhe felt when ſhe read ſhe was to become a widow; a helpleſs widow to four fatherleſs children! The powerful workings of amazement and horror had perhaps fixed her there a monument of grief, had ſhe not been awakened by the coming in of her huſband, who came to execute what he had intended: I will not ſay much of the ſpectacle each was to the other; if one

bluſhed at the diſcovery of the purpoſe, the other wept at the knowledge of it; her anguiſh of mind under the apprehenſion of loſing him, ſtaggered his reſolution. Alternately he bluſhed and glowed; but when ſhe declared, although they had loſt their all, that ſhe ſhould ſtill be happy if he lived, and that ſhe would not ſurvive him:—ſhe could not be a father and mother too:—oh! ſhe could not bear the thoughts of the children loſing their only guide and guardian, their father; the tears ran from his eyes; the tenderneſs of the husband, the bowels of the father, ſtood confeſſed in ſilent eloquence and ſpeaking grief.

His intention now appeared to him as the higheſt act of cruelty and ingratitude; as a cowardly attempt to withdraw himſelf from the ſharing of theſe misfortunes which he had involved his family in; and as a baſe refuſal of that aid to make them more tolerable, which, perhaps, he might one day be more able to give. But it is ſufficient to add, that he now reſolved, by induſtry and application, as a merchant, to diſcharge his bond and maintain his family. The event anſwered his expectations, his father-in-law ſupported him with all his credit and fortune, and having no fortune of his own to indulge the gaieties of life with, as uſual, he bended his mind entirely to trade; and in a few years, with unexampled induſtry, and untainted honor, he found himſelf in a capacity of diſcharging his obligation to his father, and of giving a handſome fortune to his children; for he uſed often to ſay, his misfortunes had taught him to be contented with that which would place his children above the temptation of doing wrong from want, and prevent their being ruined by too much. I need only add, that he often uſed latterly to ſay, he had felt more true pleaſure ſince his misfortune than before; that he certainly ſhould have been ruined if he had not been betrayed. His life ever afterwards was the life of the righteous, and his death was like theirs. When he died he left this laconic advice to all his children;—HOPE.

[*Penn. Packet.*]

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

It was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones, that all men are born with equal capacity for improvement. The aſſertion (which I do not admit) will remind the reader of the modeſt declaration of Sir Iſaac Newton, that, if he had done the world any ſervice, it was due to nothing but induſtry and patient thought. The following lines were ſent to Sir William by a friend, Thomas Law, Eſq. in conſequence of a converſation in which he had maintained the opinion which I have imputed to him. His anſwer, which was unpremeditated, is a confirmation of it.

Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reaſon to maintain,
That all men's talents are the ſame,
And they, not nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you ſay, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponent's in the right.
Leſt genius ſhould be ill-defin'd,
I term it *your ſuperior mind.*
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly ſhown,
You're ignorant of yourſelf alone.

Sir William Jones's anſwer.

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reaſon ſlow;
My memory, by art improv'd,
My mind by baſeleſs trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raiſe)
The ploughman's or the gardiner's praiſe,
With patient and unmeaning toil,
To meliorate a ſtubborn ſoil;
And ſay (no higher meed I aſk,)
With zeal haſt thou perform'd thy taſk.
Praiſe, of which virtuous minds can boaſt,
They beſt confer, who merit moſt. J.

[*Jones's Memoirs.*]

Longevity of Women in China.

A Correſpondent, to whom we are indebted for many ſimilar favours, has ſent us the following curious extract from a Chineſe Journal, in a collection of Letters from a Jeſuit who reſided in China, to one of his religious brethren in France:—

In the year 1725, the wife of the Emperor Yontchin having diſtributed her charitable favours to poor women above ſeventy years of age, it appeared from an exact regiſter kept in the provinces of Canton alone, that, among thoſe who partook of her bounty, there were 98,220 women above ſeventy years of age, 48,893 above eighty, and 3,453 about a hundred years old.

We are the more aſtoniſhed at this fact, becauſe though the mildneſs of the climate, the general fertility of the ſoil, and the ſimplicity of diet that prevails in China, muſt contribute a great deal both to population and longevity; yet the abſurd dreſs or rather bandages of female children from their birth, and particularly the violent preſſure of their feet to prevent growth, and of courſe deſtroy the future power of proper exerciſe, cannot but be extremely unfavourable to the enjoyment of health and long life.

We therefore think it very likely, that the women above mentioned, though deſcribed as Chineſe, were really of Tartar origin, brought up to the free exerciſe of their limbs, and unfettered by the ſhackles of any cuſtom repugnant to nature. The Tartar women, or as they are called in China, the broad-footed women, are more active, much healthier, and live a great deal longer than the crippled Chineſe, who may be ſtrictly ſaid to totter from the cradle to the grave.

[*Charleſton Courier.*]

DISCOVERIES IN LOUISIANA.

A pamphlet of 128 pages has been publiſhed in New-York, containing "A Meſſage from the Preſident of the United States, communicating diſcoveries made in exploring the Miſſouri, Red River and Waſhita, by captains Lewis and Clark, Dr. Sibley and Mr. Dunbar; with a ſtatiſtical account of the countries adjacent."—This communication was read in congreſs, February 19th, 1806.

The following extract from it may amuſe, perhaps aſtoniſh the reader.

Near Natchitoches, there are two large lakes, one within a mile, the other ſix miles to the neareſt parts. One of them is fifty or ſixty miles in circumference, the other upwards of thirty: theſe lakes riſe and fall with the river. When the river is riſing, the bayeaus that connect with the lakes, run into the lakes like a mill tail till the lakes are filled; and when the river is falling, it is the ſame contrary way, juſt like the tide, but only annual. On these creeks good mills might be erected, but the preſent inhabitants know nothing of mills by water, yet have excellent cotton gins, worked by horſes. I do not know a ſingle mechanic in the whole diſtrict, who is a native of it, one taylor excepted. Every thing of the kind is done by ſtrangers and moſtly Americans. Though Natchitoches has been ſettled almoſt one hundred years, it is not more than twelve or fifteen years ſince they ever had a plough, or a flat to croſs the river with, both which were introduced by an Iriſh Pennſylvanian under a ſimilar oppoſition to the Copernican ſyſtem. 'Tis almoſt incredible the quantity of fiſh and fowls theſe lakes ſupply. It is not uncommon in winter, for a ſingle man to kill from two to four hundred fowls in one evening; they fly between ſundown and dark; the air is filled with them; they load and fire as faſt as they can, without taking any particular aim, continuing at the ſame ſtand until they think they have kill-

enough, and then pick up what they have illed; they conſiſt of ſeveral duck, geeſe, rant, and ſwan. In ſummer the quantities f fiſh are nearly in proportion. One Inian will, with a bow and arrow, ſometimes kill them faſter than another, with wo horſes, can bring them in; they weigh, me of them, 30 or 40 pounds. The kes likewiſe afford plenty of ſhells for me; and at low water, the greater part f them is a moſt luxuriant meadow where e inhabitants fatten their horſes.

About two hundred leagues up the Arnſa is an intereſting place called the Salt rairie; there is a conſiderable fork of the er there, and a kind of ſavanna where e ſalt water is continually oozing out and reading over the ſurface of a plain. Dung the dry ſummer ſeaſon the ſalt may be ked up in large heaps; a natural cruſt of hand breadth in thickneſs is formed at s ſeaſon. This place is not often frented, on account of the danger from e Oſage Indians; much leſs dare the ite hunters venture to aſcend higher, ere it is generally believed that ſilver is be found. It is further ſaid, that high the Arkanſa river, ſalt is found in form a ſolid rock, and may be dug out with crow-bar. The waters of the Arkanlike thoſe of the Red river are not portle during the dry ſeaſon, being both rged highly with a reddiſh earth or uld and extremely brackiſh. This inveniencne is not greatly felt upon the Arſa, where ſprings and brooks of freſh er are frequent; the Red River is unſtood not to be ſo highly favoured. Eve account ſeems to prove that immenſe ural magazines of ſalt muſt exiſt in the at chain of mountains to the weſtward; ll the rivers in the ſummer ſeaſon which from them, are ſtrongly impregnated that mineral, and are only rendered table after receiving the numerous ms of freſh water which join them in courſe.

[*Richmond Enquirer.*]

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

itten in a bower at Abbeville, near Clonnel.

Dear lovely bower! to-morrow morn,
From thee I haste away;
Say, will the sun with smiles adorn,
The melancholy day?

Ah! yes, the sun as bright will shine,
The flow'rs as gaily blow;
Nought but this hapless heart of mine,
Can wear the gloom of woe.

How quickly am I forc'd to haste,
From scenes so fresh and new;
Thy charms I just began to taste,
Sweet Abbeville—adieu.

What tho' to me more lovely vales,
And sweeter shades are given;
A pang the parting spirit feels,
Tho' leaving earth for heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

In ſome perſons we meet with a ſtupidity, an inſenſibility of nature, on which change of circumſtances make no apparent impreſſion; this endeavors to paſs upon itſelf, and actually does paſs upon ſuperficial obſervers for moderation in ſucceſs, and patience in affliction; but *the rock* is not patient, becauſe without murmuring it bears the inceſſant daſhing of the raging ſea; neither does the ſnail deſerve the praiſe of humility, becauſe it attempts not to fly.—*That* moderation is eſtimable, which, awake to all the advantages of rank, and fortune, and ſucceſs, offends not God by levity and ingratitude; nor man, by haughtineſs and pride: *That* patience merits admiration and praiſe, which feels, yet complains not; which ſighs, yet ſubmits.

[*Hunter's Sacred Biography.*]

"The human mind, put under early culture, may be made to produce any thing It poſſeſſes a happy pliancy, which may be moulded into any form. But the ſame plant, which, young and tender, you could with a touch bend into what ſhape you pleaſed; when grown into a tree, reſiſts every effort of your ſtrength, Cut it down you may, break it you may, cleave it aſſunder you may, but bend it you cannot. And alas! how great a portion of human life is ſpent in uſeleſs, unavailing regret for opportunities loſt, ſeaſons miſpent, miſchief done, miſery incurred! Yet men will not profit even by experience; that plaineſt, moſt faithful, and moſt powerful of all inſtructors." *Ibid.*

WOOD RENDERED INCOMBUSTIBLE.

A perſon in or near London made known to the public that he had provided materials for a houſe, *all of wood*, and that they were *proof againſt fire*, and that, on a day fixed, he would have it on Putney Common, and a ſufficient quantity of combuſtibles to try the experiment. Accordingly a great concourſe of people aſſembled. The houſe was ſet up, and fire ſet to it in ſeveral places, but it would not burn. The fact is, the wood had been rendered incombuſtible by its being previouſly boiled or ſoaked in allum water. Boards that are uſed near a ſtove-pipe, or in any ſituation near the fire, might be ſoaked with the above, and ſo prevent them from catching fire, and ſave all the calamity which ſo often follows ſuch accidents.

Should this information be attended with any advantage to the public, it will be a gratification to

JOHN WHEATLY.

Northumberland, March 7, 1806.

N. B. Wood boiled in allum water, if even put into the fire, will not blaze.

[*Northumberland Argus.*]

COFFEE.

The uſe of coffee is ſaid to have originated as follows: A prior of a monaſtery, in the part of Arabia where this berry grows, having remarked that the goats who eat of it became extremely briſk and alert, reſolved to try the experiment on his monks, of whom he ſo continually complained for their lethargic propenſities.---- The experiment turned out ſucceſsful; and it is ſaid, it was owing to this circumſtance that the uſe of this Arabian berry came to be ſo univerſal.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By an arrival at New-York, London papers of the 22d and Liverpool of the 24th May are received, from which it appears that the differences between Prussia and England have been amicably adjusted. A letter from Liverpool of the 24th of May mentions that "the accounts received this day of the disputes with Prussia being settled, had the effect of lowering flour 2s. and 6d. per barrel, and wheat 1s and 6d. per bushel."

Our minister in London has been officially notified of the blockade of the Dutch and French coast from the river Elbe to the port of Breasi inclusive. This blockade will not however, prevent neutrals from continuing their usual intercourse, provided they are not laden with goods, contraband of war, belonging to the enemies of Great-Britain, or that have been shipped at an enemies port; the coast from Ostend to the river Seine being excepted, with which all intercourse is prohibited. The note ends as follows:—

"Mr. Munroe is therefore requested to apprize the American consuls and merchants residing in England that the coast, rivers, and ports above mentioned, must be considered as being in a state of blockade, and that from this

time all the measures authorised by the law of nations, and the respective treaties between his majesty and the different neutral powers, will be adopted and executed with respect to vessels attempting to violate the said blockade, after this notice."

London, May 18.—It is generally understood, on the Continent, that the Senator Beauharnois is to govern Switzerland, under the title of *Landamman for life*; but that at his death, the country will pass to his son-in-law the Electoral Prince of Baden. Should this project be carried into execution, we shall see, says a German paper, reign at Naples, Prince Joseph, the brother of the Emperor; in Upper Italy, Prince Eugene; Viceroy in Switzerland, the uncle of that Prince the brother-in-law of the Empress; along the Rhine to the Maine, the Electoral Prince of Baden, son-in-law of Madame Beauharnois; from thence to Holland, Duke Joachim, brother-in-law of the Emperor; and in Holland, another brother of that Monarch.

Private letters from Holland state, that the New Constitution intended for that Kingdom, was to be promulgated in the course of the present week. His *Majesty*, Louis the first, was to be at the Hague on Thursday last, and to be proclaimed before the 20th. His nomination is said to have excited the utmost depressions, and some cities have even ventured to petition their High Mightinesses to oppose the measure with all their power.

May 22.—*Retreat of Count Haugwitz.*—It is with the deepest satisfaction we communicate the following most important intelligence.

The man, to whose baneful councils Prussia owes her present humiliating situation, whom Europe has to curse, for having at a moment when Prussia might have saved Europe, arrested and palsied her arm, Count Haugwitz, overwhelmed with the execrations of his countrymen, and of every man not sold to France, is supposed to have retired from his office, after he had possessed it but a few weeks. Observing the universal unpopularity of the measures of the new minister; seeing every where the detestation in which they were held, a detestation not disguised even in his presence, the King of Prussia is said to have asked Count Keller's advice (Haugwitz's associate in the ministry) as to the measure necessary to be adopted.—Count Keller advised an immediate and entire change of system. Haugwitz opposed this advice, and counselled a continuance of the system.—The king declared for Count Keller, and commanded him to suggest the means most likely to lead to a reconciliation, and to avert the evils which threatened the state.—Haugwitz in consequence of the rejection of his system, demanded leave to retire to his estate in Silesia for a few weeks which was granted.—The first measure that has followed his retreat has been, to send orders to the Prussian ports in the Baltic, not to obstruct the entrance or departure of any British ships but to treat them in a friendly manner. Other measures are expected to be adopted advantageous to this country.

It is impossible not to expect but that this change in the councils of Prussia will lead to an adjustment of the differences between the two countries—and thus in an attempt which Bonaparte flattered himself and foretold would lead to the ruin of the British commerce, he has done more injury to his ally than to us, and has placed this truth on a foundation not to be shaken—that the continent is more likely to be injured by any system hostile to the commerce of Great-Britain, than Great-Britain herself; and that any attempt against her trade, will only redound to the injury and disgrace of those who make it.

We trust, too, that this change in the councils of Prussia will lead to consequences still more beneficial and important than the mere amicable adjustment of the differences between the courts of London and Berlin.

The remainder of the intelligence brought by the Hamburgh Mail last night, is contradictory. On the one hand we are assured not only that a good understanding subsists between Austria and France, and that the differences with respect to Cattaro have been settled, but that a close alliance will take place between them. On the other hand we are informed that orders had been given to all the regiments of the Bavarian Royal army, to hold themselves in readiness to march at twenty-four hours notice—and that the columns of Austrian prisoners, which were on their march for Upper Suabia, had received fresh orders to halt.

Liverpool, May 24.—From Petersburgh we learn that the Emperor Alexander has refused to mediate between England and Prussia, but that he has interfered between their Prussian and Swedish Majesties, and promised the latter his support. This part of the account seems highly probable. Sweden would hardly have risqued so much, had she not good grounds of confidence in the aid of her powerful and magnanimous ally. The Prussians have not yet made any attack on Pomerania.

Our government has received fresh assurances of the determination of Denmark to adhere with rigid strictness to the principles of neutrality, which she has at all times so openly and unequivocally avowed.

DOMESTIC.

The Season.—Though the Spring was uncommonly cold, dry, and backward, the season is now unusually promissing; and the earth appears loaded with her best products. The grass is well set and heavy; and some excellent crops were last week cut on the uplands, and got in in fine order. Indian corn looks bright and vigorous; and does not appear to have been affected by the frosts. The small grain stands thick, and promise labour to the reaper. The potatoes and other vegetables are remarkably thrifty. The trees are well loaded with fruit; and are untouched with the worm, in those orchards the trees of which the farmer had the precaution to tar the last season. Where this was neglected the trees, in many places, are stripped almost bare. Nothing but some drenching rains appear necessary to ensure a great plenty for man and beast, the ensuing season.

Boston Centinel.

We are happy in having it in our power to state, that the representations, contained in a letter from a gentleman from Detroit, inserted in our last, of hostilities being meditated by the Indians in that quarter against the United States, are altogether unfounded. Rumors to this effect have been circulated, but are probably, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the arts of land jobbers.

[*National Intelligencer.*

Counterfeit Bank Notes.—Several Counterfeits, of the Trenton Bank, have lately been discovered to be in circulation. Several of and three dollar notes have been detected in this city. Yesterday we saw one of five dollars. They do not appear to be impressed by a plate, but, upon close inspection, will be found to be delineated by a hair pencil. The name of Isaac Smith, President, and Peterson Hunt, Cashier, are executed with great awkwardness. The whole face of the note is of a heavier and blacker impression than the genuine ones.

[*Relf's Gazette.*

Interments in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 28th June to the 5th July.—Adults 15—Children 24—Total 39.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GLEANER, No. 4, requires a revision—to allow the author an opportunity of making it, publication is deferred.

VERICUNDAS we are apprehensive would revive a controversy which we have thought proper to close. His essay is inadmissible.

Q's poetical favours have come to hand, and prove that he has not forgotten us. We hope he will retain us in remembrance and favour us with his lucubrations.

Several essays remain to be disposed of next week.

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